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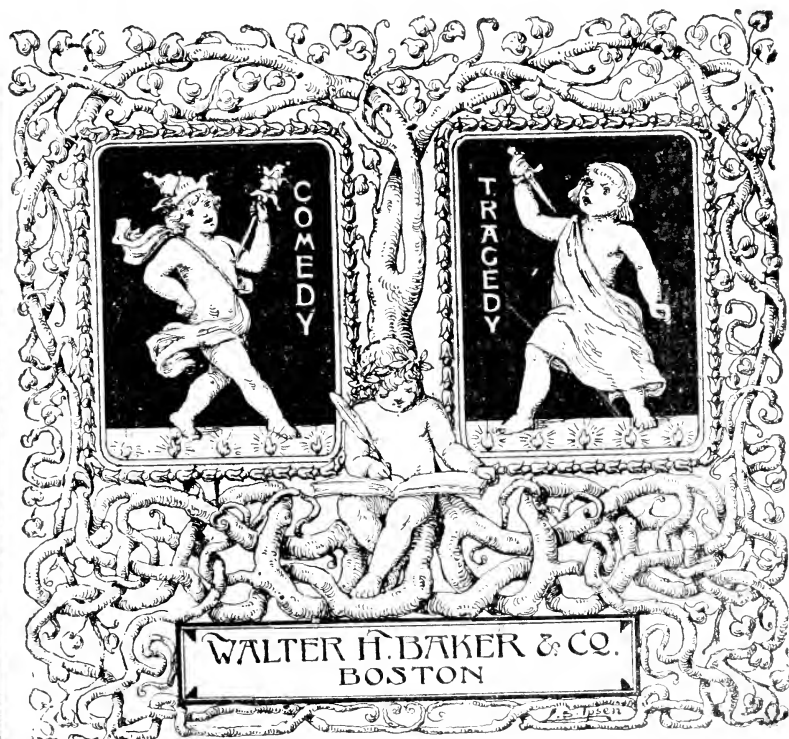
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BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

A FIGHTING CHANCE



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A. W. PINERO'S PLAYS.

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THE publication of the plays of this popular author, made feasible by the new Copyright Act, under which his valuable stage rights can be fully protected, enables us to offer to amateur actors a series of modern pieces of the highest class, all of which have met with distinguished success in the leading English and American theatres, and most of which are singularly well adapted for amateur performance. This publication was originally intended for the benefit of readers only, but the increasing demand for the plays for acting purposes has far outrun their merely literary success. With the idea of placing this excellent series within the reach of the largest possible number of amateur clubs, we have obtained authority to offer them for acting purposes at an author's royalty of

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A Farcical Romance in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior, not at all difficult. This admirable farce is too well known through its recent performance by the Lyceum Theatre Company, New York, to need description. It is especially recommended to young ladies' schools and colleges. (1895.)

THE CABINET MINISTER.

A Farce in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Ten male and nine female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. A very amusing piece, ingenious in construction, and brilliant in dialogue. (1892.)

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A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. A play of powerful sympathetic interest, a little sombre in key, but not unrelieved by humorous touches. (1892.)

A Fighting Chance

Or, For the Blue or the Gray

A Play in Three Acts for Female
Characters Only

BY DORA ADÈLE SHOEMAKER

Written for and originally produced by pupils of the National
School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

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A Fighting Chance

CHARACTERS

As originally produced, Saturday, April 29th, 1899.

MADAME MAYBURN		Harriet M. Sayre
	<i>The Principal of the School</i>	
MILLE. FORDET		Edith G. Moses
	<i>The French Instructress, possessing great admiration for her own detective powers</i>	
ELEANORE HAMILTON,	<i>The New Arrival,</i>	Ada Mae Storm
CECIL HOTSPUR,	<i>A True Southerner,</i>	Anna Irwin
RUTH ANNA MORTON,	<i>A Quakeress,</i>	Carrie C. Tilton
HELEN HASTINGS		Mae G. Young
	<i>With an uncontrollable fondness for "jacks"</i>	
MABEL DAVIS,	<i>An "F. F. V.,"</i>	Naomi I. De Ginther
LULU JEFFERSON,	<i>Cecil's Room-mate,</i>	Carrie A. Bowman
MADELINE BURGSON		Susan Appelgate
	<i>Troubled with English but never with insomnia</i>	
JULIET WASHINGTON	ANABEL JOHNSON	Mary W. Syme
	<i>Decidedly above "po' white trash"</i>	
ROSY HARRIGAN		Mabel Mac George
	<i>With a love for the Union subservient to her hatred of "niggers"</i>	

SCENE.—Green Arches, a well-to-do boarding school a little south of Mason and Dixon's line—renowned as a southern institution.

TIME—October, 1862.

ACT I—Hallway. Morning.

ACT II—Girls' study room. Afternoon, one week later.

ACT III—Library. The following night.

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COSTUMES

ACT I

ELEANORE HAMILTON.—Black traveling gown, gloves and hat, hand bag.

MADAME.—Suitable gown, dark, with white lace.

Mlle. FORDET.—Costumed more elaborately, flowing sleeves, etc.

HELEN. }

CECIL. } Dressed suitably for young ladies at school; the

MABEL. } dresses rather plain.

LULU. }

MADELINE BURGSON.—Dress shorter than the others, apron, hair in two braids.

RUTH.—Grey gown, very plain, with white fichu crossed on breast.

JULIET.—Servant's gown, checked apron, red bandanna on head.

ROSY.—Servant's dress—after first appearance with dainty cap and apron.

ACT II

Some or all of the gowns differing, but with the same general idea as to appearance.

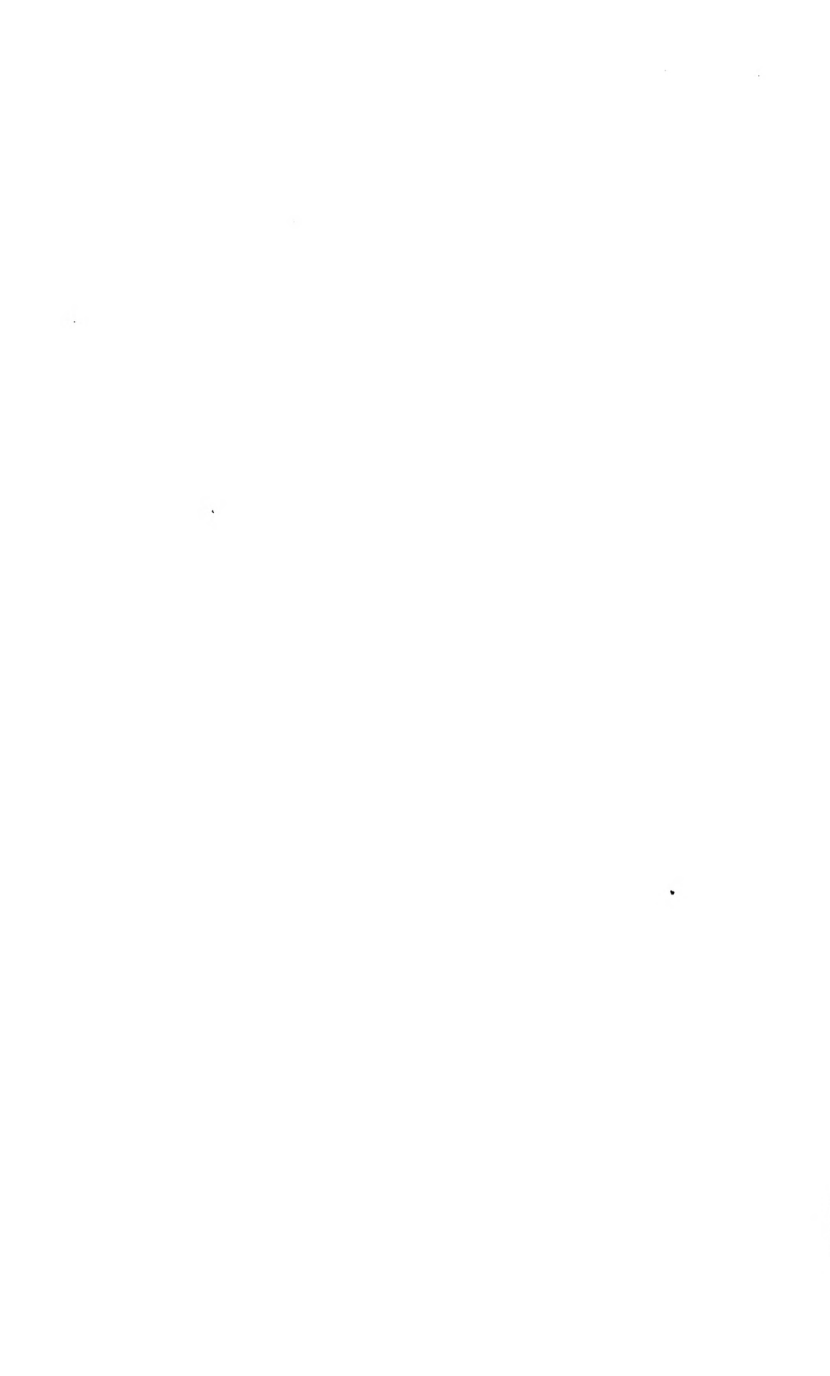
ACT III

ELEANORE.—Military cap and long military overcoat. Riding boots.

MADAME.—Dark dress.

SCHOOL GIRLS.—Dark cloaks over light dresses.

Time for representation, two hours.



A Fighting Chance.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A hallway in school. Chairs at rear. Table and easy chair down R. Pictures on wall. Exits rear centre, down R., up L. ROSY HARRIGAN discovered on her knees, with sleeves rolled up, scrubbing-brush and bucket beside her, wringing out cloth and humming loudly "Dixie." She pauses in work and lowers her voice as she hears JULIET.*

JULIET (*outside*). Oh! Dar it is again. Deed'n it's jes' nuffin' mo' den dat po' white trash.

ROSY (*indignantly*). An' me sowl, a stayin' here to be insulted by thet durty black nagger. Talkin' to hersilf outside the door. Oi'll give her wan. (*Rises and beckons with brush.*) Come, git to work, you black imp av the—ach! murther! there's somebody wid her. Arrah! (*Snatches pail and stands back curtseying.*)

Enter JULIET and ELEANORE HAMILTON, R.

ELEANORE (*turning at door, R.*). Here, coachman, is your pay. (*Leaning forward in an intense aside to coachman, as ROSY and JULIET have business.*) Sumpter is the password. Do not fail if I signal. Two shots if in danger.

(*ELEANORE and JULIET walk across stage, talking. As they pass, ROSY stares.*)

ELEANORE. And so, aunty, although you are well treated, you want "Massa Lincom" to win. But now where will I find Madame Mayburn?

JULIET. Dis way, miss. She dun tole me she'd be down right off quick. Dar now, don't you all fall ober dem chairs dat keerless Rosy hab lef. [*Exeunt both, L.*]

ROSY (*grimacing*). "Keerless Rosy hab lift." Oi'll git aven wid her yit. A runnin' down av me charakter to thim

newcomers. Me, a Irish loidy workin' wid that low down pace av ebony. Shure'n Oi'll lave the place yit, that Oi will.

(Takes bucket, goes L.; then, as JULIET returns L., she keeps her ground and stares as JULIET crosses to right of stage.)

JULIET makes no sign that she knows of ROSY's whereabouts except in holding herself very stiffly.)

JULIET. Dar, I jes' been thinkin' sho' 'nuff whar dat Irish gal hab went. Neber's workin' as far's I ken see. Neber does no work 's far's any pusson ken see. Neber does nuffin' but loaf an' talk to dat vegmutable man. *(ROSY bridling up more every minute and raising scrubbing-brush to throw at JULIET.)* 'Spect she'll be after dem soldierses if dey eber gets roun' hyah. *(ROSY throws brush, missing her.)* Oh! yo's hyah is yo', tho't mebbe I'd wake yo' all up somwhars. Guess I'll do a bit ob dustin' seein' as der ain't none done.

ROSY. It's not me that wull spake to the grasy black thing. I belave it's a monkey, I do indade. *(Laughs.)*

JULIET *(dusting)*. If dat was any kind ob a new joke I'd laf. Since dar's nobody about I might jes' as well sing. *(Sings.)*

"Oh say ken yo' see
By de dawn's early light," etc.

(ROSY sings "Dixie" very loudly. Both girls dusting with backs turned. Run against each other. Business of singing again, etc. Enter back of stage C. CECIL, HELEN, with bag of jacks, and LULU, all rushing in. MADELINE follows sleepily.)

CECIL. What are yo' servants doin'? The idea, Juliet, of singin' thet low Yankee song hyah. Leave the room this instant. Yo' all deserve to be whipped. If madame knew anything she'd hev it done, tew.

[Exeunt JULIET, R., and ROSY, C.]

Enter MABEL DAVIS, L., studying from book.

HELEN. } Mabel, have you heard the news?
LULU. }

MABEL. Amo, Amas, Amat— Oh! What is it—news? Have we won another victory?

HELEN. } No, but ———

LULU. } Not that ———

CECIL *(interrupting hotly)*. Hyah let me tell; yo' all haven't seen her anyheow. Yo' see, thar's a new arrival ———

MABEL. Not a schoolgirl at this time?

(As CECIL explains, MADELINE, after vain endeavors to keep awake, falls asleep R., front. HELEN brings out her jacks and commences to play on table. LULU watches CECIL.)

CECIL. Yas, and she's not tew young, either; and of co'se I reckon they'll put her with us seniors, right quick, and it's a shame, that's what it is, if we all could just ——

HELEN. Madame said you were to stop saying "you all" and "we all" every time you spoke. It's not elegant.

CECIL. I reckon I'll say just what I please, besides I'm no mo' Southe'ner than madame, except in my talk. This whole school's mostly South. Yo' all (*girls laugh*) like the South, and Mabel there she's the hottest of any against the Yanks.

MABEL. Well, I guess I ought to be. Even if I did live in the North a-lot, all my relatives are fighting down here. (*LULU starts to tease MADELINE and wake her up. HELEN plays with jacks again.*) Anyhow I hope this girl isn't another Northerner to contaminate us. Oh! I don't mean any of you.

Enter RUTH, C.; girls glance at each other.

RUTH. Cecil, does thee know where the new girl is? Madame asked me to take charge of her.

CECIL (*ungraciously*). No, I don't, an' I don't keer. Yo' all needn't bring her roun' hyah to introduce.

[*Exit RUTH, L.*]

LULU. Speak of angels!

(*Girls laugh; MILE. FORDET listens unseen by girls at middle door.*)

CECIL. I knew yo' meant her. That little idiot Quaker. The new one must be a Yank tew, or madame would have sent some of *us* to take keer of her.

HELEN. Yes, one of them will spoil our nice little clique, let alone two.

CECIL. What! Sur'ly yo' haven't stopped playin' jacks. You do make me so tired. Can't yo' ever leave them home?

MADELINE (*sweetly*). Ach! Gut, that's vat I myself say. (*Girls laugh.*)

CECIL. Well, I jes' wish we all could get rid of both of 'em. I reckon we'll make it tew hot for 'em anyheow.

HELEN. I tell you what, we'll have an intrigue with mad'm'selle at the head. Put her on the track, she's our friend and snoops into everything. Shouldn't wonder if she were here now.

(*Girls laugh and look around, MILE.'S head withdrawn; exit.*)

MABEL. It's queer that madame doesn't see what a sneak she is. I wouldn't trust her in anything.

OTHERS. Nor I. (*Bell rings.*)

HELEN. Come on, Madeline, time for class.

MADELINE (*rousing*). Ya, madame, I vant mein photographs to be took last week. (*Laughter.*)

CECIL. Yas, my dear, yo' should hev had it done, for yo're growin' mo' hideous every day. (*Shakes her.*)

MADELINE. Eh? What?

HELEN. Come on, Madeline, you just forgot your English in your sleep. It's class time for all of us anyway.

[*Exit C., MABEL and HELEN dragging off MADELINE.*]

LULU (*putting arm around CECIL*). Who is this new girl, Cecil?

CECIL. Don't kneow, but she looks terr'ble glum.

LULU. Don't you think it's queer for her to be sent now in the midst of this awful war, when most of the girls have gone home? (*CECIL nods.*) Cecil, dear, what do you think Northern soldiers look like?

CECIL. Awful wicked. Yo' all never saw one, chile? Look like great big bears and lions. Eat yo' up, chile.

LULU. Oh! I'm so afraid—you're fooling, Cecil, aren't you?

CECIL (*laughing*). I'm not afraid. (*Rolls up sleeves.*) I reckon I ken fight 'em. It only takes one Southe'ner to whip ten Yanksees, anyheow.

LULU (*getting closer*). You know I have no real home now, and I'd be so afraid here without you. Are they going to send for you, Cecil?

CECIL. No, live too far away. Safer hyah. (*Thoughtfully.*) Wish I was a man, I'd go to war, tew.

LULU (*starts nervously*). Oh! You wouldn't Cecil, would you? Anyway, I hate that new girl because you do. I love you, Cecil. (*CECIL kisses her.*)

CECIL. Well, little girl, when we can't stay hyah any mo' I'll take yo' all right back to my house, if yo'll come.

LULU. Really, Cecil? Oh!—

BOTH (*looking around*). Oh! there's madame.

CECIL. And class will be half over. Hurry!

[*Exit both hurriedly, c.*]

Enter MADAME and MLLE., L.

MADAME. Well, mad'moiselle, although I cannot really own to being so distrustful as you, still I have my own suspicions in regard to this new pupil. She would tell me nothing but that her mother has just died, and that her father is sending her here for safety. Indeed that is what he says in his letter, but part of it mystifies me. Listen and see what you can make of it. (*Reads from letter.*) "My dear Madame: I have decided to place my daughter, Eleanore, under your care at once. You will find her, in all probability, older than the majority of your pupils, but there is still much for her to learn, and this is no safe place for a young girl to stay. She is to be entirely subservient to all rules of the school, to be directly under your supervision, and I must insist on one thing—she shall receive no mail whatsoever. In fact she is to have no communication with the outside world in any way. We are very warm Southerners, and therefore one with yourself in the cause. With this I forward the sum of, etc., etc. Respectfully yours, E. S. Hamilton." So you see, my dear mad'moiselle, the more I read that, the more I feel there is some accompanying mystery. She seems like such a charming —

MLLE. Ah! Madame, do not trust ze face; sometime it it ees a—vat you call—a mask. I do not trust zat girl, and I wish you would return her back home again. (*Aside.*) Zat is one big little hit for ze young ladies.

MADAME. Mad'moiselle, I scarcely think you mean what you say. Of course it is probably true that the girl has as she said, lost her mother. She looks so sad sometimes it almost makes me creep. At first I thought she was in love or, perhaps, of a gloomy, morbid temperament, but she has such a sweet smile, and —

MLLE. I sink zat madame vill regret, but it ees not my outlook, it ees zat of madame.

Enter CECIL, HELEN, MABEL, LULU, excitedly at door c.; as they talk ELEANORE enters much agitated, with RUTH trying to comfort her. A little later MADELINE crawls slowly in and stands against wall, nods head, and finally goes to sleep slipping on chair at rear. HELEN shakes bag of jacks in hand.

MADAME (*as they enter*). Young ladies, what does this mean?

CECIL. I'll not stay if yo' all keep ——

MABEL. Madame, this is too much ——

LULU. Oh, madame, she's an awful Yankee ——

HELEN. How dare she ——

MADAME (*silencing them*). One at a time, one at a time.

CECIL (*with temper*). I'll not stay a day mo' in a school with low down Yankee white trash.

MADAME. Cecil, silence at once or go to your room. Mabel, what is all this about?

MABEL. Madame, this young woman, who wishes us to believe her a lady, has come to this school, whose Southern sympathies are well known, with a damaging witness against her hidden in her trunk.

MADAME. And what do you know of another's trunk?

MABEL (*a little abashed*). Well—well—you know, madame, our trunks must go to the garret, and Rosy was making ready Miss Hamilton's room as she was folding and putting away her clothes, and saw her take out of her trunk and fold ——

MABEL. }

HELEN. }

CECIL. }

LULU. }

A Yankee soldier suit!

MADAME (*sleepily*). Ein zanke yolder zute! (MLLE. *looks triumphant*.)

MADAME (*severely*). Miss Hamilton, kindly explain.

ELEANORE (*with great dignity*). I did not expect this was a school where one's every action was spied upon.

MADAME. No words, please.

ELEANORE (*a little confused*). My brother was in the Union army, and ——

CECIL (*sneering*). An' is this yo're brother's picture?

ELEANORE (*angrily*). Give it me. How dare you?

(*Tries to snatch picture, but is unable. CECIL hands it to MADAME, who waves it aside. MLLE. procures it, looks at it, starts, then returns it to CECIL.*)

MADAME. No! I do not wish to see others' belongings, and I too demand to know how you procured a photograph belonging to one who is almost a total stranger. It is outrageous. (CECIL starts forward, but MABEL pulls her back.)

HELEN (*emphasizing with jacks*). Madame, really it isn't

our fault about that. It dropped from Miss Hamilton's things at the side of her trunk. Rosy picked it up and showed it to us just for fun, then Cecil kept it because some one called Rosy away; but we did not mean to say anything about it.

MADAME. Cecil, return it to the owner immediately.

CECIL (*returns picture; steps back*). I don't think she has explained any tew much.

ELEANORE. And I refuse to explain to any one here except madame herself. (MLLE. *displeased*.)

MADAME. Miss Hamilton's request shall be granted. To your classes, young ladies; I will speak to you later about your part in this affair. Helen, you may leave your jacks with me.

(HELEN *does so with wry face. Girls exeunt c. HELEN pulls sleepy MADELINE along at the last by her braid of hair.*)

MADAME. Mad'moiselle, you also may go.

[*Exit MLLE., displeased.*]

MADAME (*taking ELEANORE's hand*). Now, poor child, tell me sufficient to put my mind at rest. Do not be afraid of me.

ELEANORE (*agitated*). You have been so kind to me, a stranger, madame, and Ruth is so good to me also. Without you both I could not have stood the censure of the girls.

MADAME. Poor child, it was slander I knew, but they did not mean it; they are only young and impetuous. But proceed —

ELEANORE. What I shall tell you, madame, must be for yourself alone. My father is a very proud man, and his affairs he considers his own, and so I will merely tell you enough to have you understand and not blame me too much.

MADAME. My dear little girl, I know and feel that you are innocent, and assure you that you shall have my sympathy and help.

ELEANORE. And may I ask you one question first? I hardly dare tell you until I do.

MADAME. And what is it?

ELEANORE (*glancing about*). Madame, the girls have already expressed doubts in my presence or this liberty I would not dare to take, but madame—are you for—do you sympathize with the North or the South?

MADAME (*with a slight reserve*). Miss Hamilton, you know what my school is, can you not judge?

ELEANORE. Oh! Madame, perhaps it is needful, indeed, that you do not commit yourself to others, but surely you have some love for either the blue or the gray ——

MADAME. This is merely wasting time; continue with your story.

ELEANORE (*sighs, pauses, and then continues*). My mother was a Northern woman. Oh!—I cannot speak of her! My father, who is an austere man in all things, is more than severe in regard to his loyalty to the South, and will allow nothing to come between him and what he considers his patriotic duty.

MADAME. Have you always lived South?

ELEANORE. No, my brother and I were educated in Philadelphia, mamma spending much time with us there. At last Eric entered West Point to take up the military education which father wished him to have; but when the war broke out, instead of returning to enlist for the South, he went with a Northern regiment.

MADAME (*sits*). And your mother was living then?

ELEANORE (*controlling agitation; sits also*). Yes, mamma was living, and of course sympathized with the North, but papa—oh! I never could speak of his awful anger. He disowned Eric at once, and never would allow us even to mention his name before him. He said, moreover, and how well I remember his saying it, that no Yankee soldier should ever enter his house.

MADAME. And did your brother never return?

ELEANORE. Yes, madame, he was brought home shot, with some wounded rebel soldiers to whom the house was ever open. He—he died with mamma standing near him. Papa never knew he was there, and then mamma, never very strong, gave out too—and then—(*Puts handkerchief to face, bows head on table.*)

MADAME (*very much moved*). Poor little motherless, brotherless girl. You need say no more. Your father and you now have nothing in common, and he has sent you away. I see it all, and this suit of faded blue is all that is left you. (*Rising and aside.*) And yet why should she have no communication with the outside world. But she is too agitated now.

ELEANORE (*rising*). Madame, have I satisfied you?

MADAME. Yes, dear child. Your life is entirely loveless, is it not? (*ELEANORE starts as if to reply; then looks away.*) But now I must tell you that your father has written me very stringently concerning your privileges here.

ELEANORE (*bitterly*). And what has my father asked?

MADAME. He has received our assurance that you will have no communication whatsoever with the outside world while you remain with us. (ELEANORE *starts*.) You will receive no one and no word by mail.

ELEANORE. Oh! Madame!

MADAME. You will see that you are to be under strict surveillance; however, Eleanore, this is really too hard, and if you will do one thing —

ELEANORE (*quickly*). And what is that?

MADAME. Give us your word of honor that under no circumstances —

ELEANORE (*defiantly*). Madame, if you trust me, you trust me; if not, then do as you wish with me; but I will not be bound down by any promises. It was not my wish to be sent here and —

MADAME. Eleanore, you will not try to leave this place? That would not be easy you know. Think this over, dear child, for I cannot worry you further when you are so troubled. Come now, you must go to your room and dress, your eyes are quite red with weeping. (ELEANORE *turns to go and MADAME calls her back*.) Eleanore, the walls themselves have ears. I hardly know whether or not I dare speak openly even to you, but —

ROSY (*entering R.*). A man to spake wid yer, ma'm, at wanct, and immejit, if you plaze.

ELEANORE (*aside*). I wonder who he is.

MADAME. Oh! very well, Rosy. [Exit R.

ROSY. I'm sorry, miss, that I took the pixture, and made all that trouble for yez, for I loike yer swate face, that I do—only I thought ye were jist loike the rest, and a good joke niver hurrts any of thim. I hopes ye'll fergive me.

ELEANORE (*kindly*). Certainly I will, Rosy; I'm sure you meant me no harm. And, Rosy, will you come and bring me some hot water? I have a slight headache and want to bathe my eyes.

ROSY (*both moving toward door L.*). Yis, you pore darlint, thet I will, and if I ken git thet black nagger out av my way, Oi'll make ye some tay loike me great grandmither used to make.

[Exeunt both L.; meet JULIET *entering L. as they go out. Business.*

JULIET (*crossing stage to door R.*). Po' white trash.

[Exit R.

MLLE. (*enter C.; looks in and around, steps in a little at a time, finally comes front.*) I sought I heard ze voices. (*Lis-*

tens again.) No one seems wizin. I wonder where zat little vixen is. Cette mechante fille! Eleanore Hameelton ees it? I believe her not at all in anysing. Ah! sacre bleu! And was zat her brozere in ze picture—eh? Non—non—for I gazed upon it well wiz my two eyes. Ah ciel! Who ees eet—eh? Eet ees no relatif—no—ce n'est pas son frere—eet ees not her brozere—eet ees ze cocher—ze man who drives—who brings zat wicked bad girl from ze station to here. I saw him—wiz my two eyes. Ah! He ees in league wiz her—wiz Mees Eleanore Hameelton. I—Mad'moiselle Aimeé Fordet, say eet. He ees and she ees vat you call—ze spies. (*Becoming very dramatic.*) And—parbleu! ve are betrayed.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Time is one week later. Study room, neatly furnished. Tables down L. and up R. Chairs, etc. Doors R., L. and C. Easy chair down R.*

ELEANORE (*at table, down L., writing at intervals*). She promised to meet me here, and it is after time now. (*Writes.*) She is a darling if she is black. (*Looks at watch.*) It only lacks a little while until the bell rings, and then the girls will come trooping in here for study hour, and I *must* have it this morning. I didn't sleep a wink last night, fearing lest something had happened, and when one has nothing else left in the world to live for but — (*Glances around apprehensively.*) Oh dear! I feel so anxious, and for a girl who has no nerves I am like a scared cat. (*Writes again.*) Anyway, after I do receive it, I'll send this that I have been writing for a week, just adding something to it. Madame knows I'm not to write letters and she watches me like a hawk. Oh! (*Hastily crumples paper.*) Thought I heard something. (*Examines room; snaps watch.*) Where *can* she be? (*Goes to door C. and listens; returns and smooths letter on table.*) I wonder why mad'moiselle dislikes me so. Well, it's mutual, only I believe she could be nice if she wasn't making a detective agency out of herself. I'll read this again. (*Starts to read letter.*) "My dear —" (*Hears some one coming; claps hand to mouth and hastily folds letter and thrusts it in pocket of dress. Enter JULIET, R., stealthily, first looking around, ELEANORE showing eagerness.*) Oh! come right in, Juliet, I've been so worried about you.

JULIET. Not 'bout me, I reckon, miss. Guess yo' all wanted what I hab do' fo' sartin.

ELEANORE. Oh! give it to me quick, Juliet, and I'll put it in my dress, then you must tell me all about it. If any one comes, remember you are going to get me a cup of tea. I have a headache. (*JULIET looks incredulous.*) Indeed I have, a very bad one. You see I couldn't sleep last night for (*lowering voice*) I knew this ought to come.

JULIET. 'Pears to me that yo' want it berry bad, miss. Fust,

you must tell me wha' it from, fo' I dun hab got my orders, consarnin' yo'.

ELEANORE. Oh! aunty, give it to me at once and don't be so foolish. Didn't you promise —

JULIET. Neber min', honey; here, yo' ole black Jullie lubs yo'. Take it. (*Gives her letter which ELEANORE snatches, looks at, and hides in bosom of dress.*) Tell me de res' when yo' got it hid.

ELEANORE. There isn't much I can tell you, aunty, except (*leaning closer*) it's an important matter from one of "Massa Lincom's" soldiers.

JULIET. Oh! missy, it's all right, den, an' I don't keer what dey say. But it worries pore young missy sho' 'nuff, it gibs her a heap ob keer. I had a heap ob keer once, I had a husban', a bu'ful husban',—him dead now; I had a li'le boy, such a bu'ful li'le black boy—him dead too. Ain't got no keer now—*nice* to hab no keer.

ELEANORE (*who has been glancing around furtively and fingering letter in dress anxiously*). Aunty, I thank you so much, you'll never know how much, but I'll repay you some day, surely. Now, I'm going to my room with this toothache —

JULIET. Headache, missy.

ELEANORE. Yes—yes, headache, that's what I said. (JULIET *shakes head negatively*.) Oh! didn't I? Well I really have one, you know, and you'll bring me that cup of tea very soon, won't you, aunty, and then you know if I should have a letter for you to take out and give to somebody—and oh! Why you haven't told me a thing about how you obtained this one.

JULIET (*mysteriously*). Well, yo' see, missy, I 'tains it like dis. I goes 'bout de time yo' tol' me, down back in de woods near dat ole pine tree wid de hole in it, an' all ob a sudden I see a —

ELEANORE. Sh! I must run; there comes some one.

[Exit L.

JULIET (*dusting chairs with apron*). An' as I was jes' a cummutatin' to myself, (MLLE. *enters c. and listens*) do' I's treated bountiful good by dat kin' and lobely madame an' 'specially by dat berry fine and knowin' missus dat is a Frencher an' says Poblle voo—as I was accenteratin', dey wuz suttently good to dis po' black nigger; but de massas and missuses dat de rest ob my po' fambly hab—dey is terr'ble, sho' 'nuff. An'—why is yo' hyah, mabumezelle? How eber did yo' come, an' Juliet neber know'd it.

MLLE. I sought you talk wiz some one. Non? No one ees here.

JULIET. Jes' talkin' to maself, mabumezelle. Yo' see when I's alone I hab nuffin' else to do but sing an' talk when I's workin'. Mabumezelle like a nice bit ob sho't kake, jes' from de oben, hot wid butter, an' a li'le pinch ob tea?

MLLE. (*rubbing her hands*). Ah! oui, ect ees excellente. (*Aside.*) Juliette ees my friend, she is my—how you say—'complice! (*Aloud.*) Juliette, ici, vill do me von favour? (*Lowering voice.*) Eet ees neccessarie zat I find out a wicked girl—ah! ver' wicked. Vill Juliette help mad'moiselle who has ze très prettie ribbons zat Juliette vill find is for she?

JULIET (*looking up*). Sho' 'nuff. Juliet will do eberyting fo' mabumezelle, dat's de berry truf.

MLLE. Juliette, zis wicked girl—some one come for she, mayhaps, and mayhaps a lettere—to-day. Eef so, who get zis lettere. Rosy? Non—Juliette? Ah! Juliette bring eet to mad'moiselle. Ees eet not so?

JULIET. Yaas, indeedy. If yo' Aunt Juliet see anyting like dat, she'll neber gib it to dat Eleanore Hablington—neber, fo' a minute, in co'se she won't. Got dem ribbons 'bout yo', mabumezelle?

MLLE. Non. Mais Juliette, send me to Mees Madeline, ze sleepy enfant, and Juliette, come to my room 'fore ver' long.

JULIET. Berry well; mabumezelle may be sho' dat I'll be dere. (*Aside, as she goes out.*) Guess I ain't no fool nudder. Young missy hab her letter; black Julie'll soon hab her ribbon. If I dun oderway, mabumezelle might been sumspicious.

[*Exit, R.*

MLLE. Ah! Juliette is one ver' good negresse—Juliette ees on mad'moiselle's side. Ze little innocente Germaine on mad'moiselle's side, and on ze back of it all, ze whole school, ver' near. And zat wicked Eleanor—zat spy—zat—vat you call—zat—zat traitore—ah! ve vill bring her into ze dust.

MADELINE (*entering L., sleepily*). Ach! Fraulein, hier bin Ich.

MLLE. Ah! Ze prettie child. Mad'moiselle has lovely orange for Madeline. Here ees eet. (*Hands orange.*)

MADELINE (*curtesying*). Ich danke ihnen.

MLLE. Ah! now ma prettie enfant, mad'moiselle would so love to have Madeline help. (*MADELINE begins to grow sleepy, and continues gradually to fall asleep while MAD'MOISELLE talks, with her face averted from the child.*) Zis school ees so prettie and all are so ver' content, it would be so great

shame eef all ees spoil. Ah! Oui, petite enfant. (*Lowering voice; looking around room, sees MADELINE almost asleep, shakes her.*) Ah! She listen not. (*Shakes her harder.*) Ah! Ze wicked, bad, bad, wretched enfant.

MADELINE. Ach! Fraulein. Ich shleep not. Ach! Fraulein—ach!

MLLE. Listen, Madeline. (*Same business, looking around room and MADELINE going to sleep in chair down R.*) In zis school ees a spy—maybe two spy. Ah! it ees terreeble. Vill Madeline help mad'moiselle? Madeline vill not be—how you call—expected—non, suspected, because she ees so much a little sleepy child. Ees eet not so?

(MADELINE snores gently.)

MLLE. Ah! Parbleu! (*Wringing hands; enter HELEN, c., swinging jacks.*) She shall be ze death of me. She sleeps always all ze time.

HELEN (*laughing*). Why, what is the matter, mad'moiselle, don't you feel like yourself?

MLLE. Ah! Eet ees ze little Madeline, zis terreeble enfant.

HELEN. Oh! There's no use trying to make her do anything for you. Just listen to her now. (*MADELINE breathes heavily.*) Can't I help you, mad'm'selle, or would you like to play?

(*Spreads game on table up R.*)

MLLE. Non—non; misplace zem back. Eet ees not allowed, Mad'moiselle Helene. Madame gives ze jackets back, eh? Ah! Vill you help me?

HELEN. Certainly, what can I do?

MLLE. (*quickly*). Eet ees about zis Eleanore Hameelton. Ze ees a wicked —

HELEN. Now, look here, mad'moiselle, I don't like her much and I'm sorry she came, and we girls do not intend to have anything to do with her, nevertheless I for one am not going to sneak around trying to find mean things about other people. If she oughtn't to be here, let madame find it out and send her home.

Enter L., ROSY, and JULIET R.

ROSY. Shure'n the madame wants ye, ma'msille, at onct, immajit, in the library.

JULIET. Madame wants yo', mabumezelle, in the ——

(*They see each other, business.*)

[*Exit MLLIE. C., ROSY L. and JULIET R.*]

HELEN. My, how those girls do fight. Anyway I wish this war was over. It makes everything so hard. Mamma's sick and papa's losing everything. I can't get home and— (*Draws hand across eyes.*) Oh! Why not teach Madeline my little game? (*Calls.*) Oh! Madeline—Madeline! (*Goes up and screeches in ear.*) Madeline!

MADELINE (*starting up*). Nein, madame. I vas not all ashleep. I vas shust ——

(*HELEN laughs; MADELINE rubs eyes and laughs good-naturedly.*)

Enter CECIL, LULU and MABEL L.

HELEN. Oh, hello! I wish you girls would help me wake Madeline, or better still, play jacks with me.

MABEL. No, thanks, we've had enough jacks.

CECIL. Yaas, and I've got one of my own, only he's fightin' now.

LULU. Oh! girls, do you know they say the soldiers are marching up in this direction, and that the Yankees are around somewhere near, and I'm awfully frightened. Just suppose they'd fight near our school.

CECIL. Pooh! I'd jes' go out and get ahold of the bes' lookin' Johnny Reb I could, and after the battle we'd go off and git married, and I'd be a proud lady with a long satin train.

MABEL. Sometimes you are too ridiculous for words, Cecil.

LULU. Do you know I don't believe Eleanore Hamilton will be here long? Madame sent for her to come to her room, and since mad'moiselle—why— But, Cecil, then Helen hasn't heard the news.

(*MADELINE rouses up.*)

HELEN. Well, what is it?

LULU. } Somebody saw a spy.

MABEL. }

CECIL. Yes, a man skulkin' 'bout this hyah school.

HELEN. Oh, pshaw! How do they know he was a spy?

LULU. Well, he looked like it.

HELEN. Why, did you see him? You'd think a toad-stool was a spy if you met it alone on a dark night.

CECIL. Yo' see, mad'moiselle saw this hyah spy.

HELEN. Then I think it is an idle tale, for mad'moiselle believes she's ferreting out a horrible murder case or something, and when she's started she's worse than a little fox terrier after a rabbit.

LULU (*seriously*). Do you know I believe she looks like a fox terrier.

ALL. Why Lulu!

MABEL. Well, I'll tell you one thing; it seems to me that Eleanore Hamilton has more than one friend in this school.

CECIL. Of co'se, there's the Quaker.

HELEN. And Madeline? *(All turn and look; find her asleep again; laugh.)* Or Juliet?

MABEL. No, I don't mean them.

CECIL (*speaking quickly*). Yo' su'tunly doan't mean —

LULU. You can't mean —

HELEN. Oh! Mabel, you aren't thinking of —

(Together.)

MABEL. Well—who?

ALL (*softly*). Madame? *(Girls look around frightened.)*

MABEL. Yes, madame.

HELEN. Oh! nonsense.

MABEL. Thank you, Miss Hastings, it isn't nonsense at all.

HELEN. Why, Mabel, Eleanore's not even allowed to go out alone.

MABEL. But madame helps her with this or that, or she stays in her room with a headache, and Ruth or Juliet carries up her tea; and now this man who has been spying —

HELEN. Well, Mabel, I think you're getting like mad'moiselle. You'll have to join her agency, Davis and Fordet, detectives. Bloodhounds and fox terriers to hire, loaded pistols not allowed and —

MABEL. Helen, I want you to understand that I'm not fooling.

LULU. Anyway, I move we all help get rid of her if she brings horrid spies around.

HELEN. There, I said you were afraid of a shadow.

LULU. I'm not afraid, and I'll just show you some time how brave I really am. I don't believe I'm afraid of any —

(Mlle. puts head in door c., finger to lips and gives a loud "Sh!") Girls all jump. LULU screams and takes hold of HELEN, going behind her.)

Enter MLLE. cautiously.

HELEN. What's the matter, mad'moiselle?

MLLE. Sh! sh! sh! If ze young ladies would see wiz zere own eyelids, come quickly, at once—ver' quiet to my room. You shall see for what. Be ver' quiet; no one must know you have been in mad'moiselle's room. Then return back here immediatement.

[Exit C., MLLE.; MABEL R.; CECIL and LULU L.]

HELEN. Humph! The little fox terrier is certainly on the scent. I guess it will prove a rat, though, instead of a rabbit. Well, I might as well see all there is to see—but if I stayed here I could have a little game. I'll just throw them out again. I won't really stay. *(Spreads them.)* Where was I? At threezems. Oh, dear! I do want to play.

CECIL *(outside softly)*. Helen—hurry, hurry!

[Exit R., HELEN, leaving bag and jacks on table.]

MADELINE *(rousing)*. Ach! Wo sind sie alle? Alle gone. *(Shrugs shoulders.)* It vill be soon time for I to take mein—vat it is? Ach! my nap. I vill go zu my bett und shleep.

[Exit L.]

Enter MADAME, C.

MADAME. I trust Eleanore will come at once, for she must tell me to-day what I wish to know. I am greatly worried over the whole matter, and yet I feel myself growing more and more fond of her. *(Sees jacks and gathers them up, fastening bag to belt.)* Well, here is a prize. I've been waiting for an excuse to take possession of these again. Helen rattles them in one's ears so eternally that it becomes unbearable. *(Enter ELEANORE, C.)* Ah! Eleanore. Now, dear child, be just as brief as you wish, but tell me what I must know.

ELEANORE. And what is it, madame, that you would learn?

MADAME. Eleanore, do not endeavor to circumvent me. Twice has there come a man to see you, a most soldierly-looking young fellow, I will add, and seemingly most honorable; but he will tell me nothing, and is as mysterious as yourself. Eleanore, who is he, and why did he come?

ELEANORE. How can I tell, madame, when you give me no name and no message, and at the time you had ordered me locked in my room.

MADAME. And yet, Eleanore, I could almost take my oath upon it that he looked up at your window as he left, and mad'moiselle says he gave some signal. Was it chance? Elea-

nore, I insist and demand—how did he know your window, if he did. Have you communicated with him?

ELEANORE. Madame has not yet told me who he is.

MADAME. Enough of this; we are not playing. Have you written to him against my orders? (*A pause; ELEANORE gives no sign. Firmly.*) Answer at once. (*Slight pause.*) Have you nothing to say? Only to-day I received word from your father, ordering that you be watched in a way that would suggest a prisoner of war. It seems ridiculous to me, and yet—unless you respond to my questions, what must I think? (*ELEANORE sighs wearily and shrugs shoulders.*) Still you answer nothing. Then assuredly there is only one course for me to pursue. At present your father is within one day's journey from here. I will go to him. Eleanore, do you understand? I will go to him and solve this puzzle for myself.

ELEANORE (*anxiously*). Surely, madame is not speaking seriously.

MADAME. I assure you that madame does not treat such matters lightly. If you cannot answer me within an hour, I shall start this afternoon.

ELEANORE. Oh! madame, do not, I pray you, do not go to my father. If you make him angry, no telling to what lengths he may go. If he would kill me outright I would not care so much, but he only suggests such awful ways of putting me where I shall never see life or happiness again. It was only after days of pleading that I was sent to you. Oh! madame, *do not go to my father.*

MADAME. Eleanore, if you tell me what I have asked I will not go.

ELEANORE. Madame, dear madame, you do not know what you ask. It isn't possible.

MADAME. Then there is no use of further conversation.

ELEANORE. Can you not give me a respite? Then truly, madame, in a few days you shall know all.

MADAME. Eleanore—shall I know it from you?

ELEANORE (*hesitating*). Yes, madame.

MADAME. Then, Eleanore, I trust you again, and I will postpone my visit for the present.

ELEANORE. Oh! Thank you, thank you, dear madame, and whatever happens, even if it seem otherwise, I shall all be worthy of your trust and love.

MADAME (*kisses her*). Dear child, I love you almost as an own daughter. You may go now; I am satisfied. (*Holds her from her by both hands, looks at her a moment; ELEANORE*

sighs, then exit L.) I thought that only a girl in love could sigh like that. And yet she has had enough of other troubles. But why do I allow myself to become so foolishly fond of her, probably to be disappointed in the end.

Enter HELEN, R.

HELEN (*startled*). Oh! (*Sees jacks gone.*)

MADAME. Was there something you wanted, Helen?

HELEN. Well, no, not exactly—you see— (*Notices bag at MADAME'S waist.*) Oh! (*Sweetly.*) Did you find my jacks, madame? You see, I was just counting them—

MADAME. Helen, I know very well you were playing, and you know the limit I put upon your hours for indulgence. Now, if I give them back they must be put away for to-day. Remember, Helen, you are a child no longer. Why! this is becoming a passion with you—now, will you promise?

HELEN. Oh! yes, madame. You see I miss the sound of them when they are left behind.

MADAME. Well, take them, for I must find mad'moiselle.

HELEN. Thank you, madame; and mad'moiselle is in her own room, and I think wants to see you. (*Exit MADAME, C. Shaking bag.*) How good it is to hear the dear old things again. Too bad that I had to promise, for I wouldn't break my word for anything. (*Shakes them again.*) It doesn't seem to me as if they were all here. Surely, it's no sin to look. (*Spreads them on table.*) One, three, four, five, eight, nine, eleven, fifteen—right—where was I? Oh! Threezems. I could just take those three, and those three, and, oh, I must take those.

(*Tosses up jacks as CECIL and MABEL enter C.*)

MABEL. Well, I think it's a disgrace to the school.

CECIL. An' hyar's another. I declare to goodness, Helen, yo've forgotten all about the real excitement already, and are at that fiendish game again. Whar's madame, anyheow? If she catches yo'.

HELEN. Oh! I forgot all about madame. (*Puts jacks away.*)

Enter LULU, L.

LULU. Do you know, I'm terribly scared? Just think of that awful spy. Wasn't he dreadful-looking, with his hat drawn down and—

CECIL. I'll tell yo' all what I think. He's jes' as like as not the man in that picture Rosy found,

HELEN. What nonsense! He had great big shoulders, but that's all you could tell. Why, you couldn't see a smitch of his face.

Enter MLLE.

MLLE. Young ladies, ees eet not terreeble? And madame has question Eleanore, but vill now soon question ze more and eef eet ees not satisfactoire, madame goes away on journey for two days and vill see Col. Hameelton, and zen—voila! Ah! I have my—vat you call—my handkercheef drop.

LULU. Here it is, mad'moiselle.

(They go to back of stage; business picking up handkerchief.)

CECIL *(at front of stage; to MABEL)*. Mabel, if madame goes to-day, we all will have a big midnight supper to-morrow night.

MABEL. Fine! and when you and Helen go horseback riding to-morrow, you can stop at the village and bring a lot of stuff to eat.

CECIL. Yes, and yo' and Lu be out walkin' with yo're capes on and meet us and smuggle the things in. Sh!

Enter ROSY, L.

ROSY *(excitedly)*. Kin I say madame at onct, immajit?

MLLE. *(aside; coming front, R.)*. Rosy has ze news.
(Aloud.) Vill I not do, Rosy?

ROSY. Yis, indade, but I must say you alone intoirely.

MLLE. Young ladies, eet ees my wish to be alone.

[Exeunt girls, R., disappointedly.]

HELEN *(turning back)*. Let us stay, mad'moiselle, we won't listen.

MLLE. Go immediatement, Helene. *(Exit HELEN, shaking jacks.)* Ze news, Rosy?

ROSY. Och! Did ye know thet ugly black naggur Juliet is a traither, indade?

MLLE. Eet ees imposseeble. I have just gave her ze prettie red ribbon for zat she vill help me.

ROSY. Indade, an' Oi'll tell yez how she does it. After the man what came before, was done spyin' round, I jist followed him down the path, unbeknownst, and when he come to the ould pine tray he stops, he does, and he waits—and I stops myself, I does, and I waits, only it's behint of another tray on the other soide av the road. Well——

MLLE. Queeck, queeck, Rosy, say eet queeck.

ROSY. Well, Oi'm jist comin' to the excoitin' bit av adventure it was. He waits, and thin all av a suddint he says, soft like, "Juliet, Juliet—Hello, aunty." Then, sez Oi to meself, now ye'll say the doin's, Rosy Harrigin, but not a sowl come.

MLLE. Zat ees what I say.

ROSY. Och! Shur'n jist wait. Somehow er ither Oi made a bit av a noise, and he looks 'round suspicious loike, and thin quick as a flash, but not too quick for me, Oi see him drop into the hole in the ould pine tray a letter.

MLLE. A lettere! Have you eet?

ROSY. Now, faith'n jist wait. Oi was just stayin' behint the tray for a whoile, till I say him shlink off in the bushes, and thin jist as Oi was goin' to cross the road, Oi heerd a noise and agin Oi waited a bit to see wot was the matter, and suddint thet naggur come out on the path and quick as a wink to the pine tray, and made a grab and fetched up somethin' white; and 'fore Oi could say a worrd, she ran loike the — loike all possised fer the house, and so Oi jist thought Oi'd tell you she —

MLLE. Zat ees ver' right. Zis man ees a—vat you call—ac-complice of zat bad one, Eleanore Hameelton. I must tell madame immediatement. (*Goes toward door c.*)

ROSY (*aside*). Eleanore Hamilton, is it? Ef Oi'd known it had something to do wid her, Oi'd niver told. She trated me square, thet she did. Besides she's a rale loidy, wan av thim thorrybreds, an' Oi ain't sayin' so much fer the wan wid me now.

(JULIET, with conspicuous red ribbon on, enters c. sees

MLLE., screams and runs out.)

MLLE. Juliette! Juliette! Ici immediatement. Rosy, bring her queeck. [*Exit Rosy.*]

MLLE. (*triumphant*). Now vill I get ze lettere and Mad'-meselle Fordet vill find out everysing wiz herself.

Enter JULIET and ROSY; ROSY stands at door grimacing for a moment.

[*Exit Rosy.*]

JULIET. Mabumezelle sen' fo' me?

MLLE. Juliette, give me ze lettere,—immediatement.

JULIET (*innocently*). I habn't got no letter.

MLLE. Ver ees eet zen, answer. Ze lettere you fin' in ze tree. Rosy, see you find eet.

JULIET (*aside*). Dat fool ob a Rosy 'll get in trouble wid her Aunt Julie. Dat's de truf. (*Aloud.*) Oh! Mabumezelle, I look for a letter from ma sweetheart, but de letter hab went sho'.

MLLE. Zen you took eet, you black wretch. Take away zat red ribbon. I gif no more—I go fin' Mees Eleanore.

JULIET. Habn't seen Missy Eleanore since early dis afte'-noon, so yo' see bein' as Rosy sed I jes' fin' it, I couldn't hab gib it to her.

MLLE. Zen ver ees eet? Queeck. I vill have zem zrash you —

JULIET. Oh land! Mabumezelle I dun know nuffin' ob it, 'cause I ain't got it.

MLLE. I'll find Mees Hameelton zis minute. (*Aside.*) Eef I find madame all ze credit she vill get. Non—I vill do eet all myself. [*Exit c.*]

Enter ELEANORE, R.

JULIET. Sh! Mabumezelle jes' gone out to hunt yo' up.

ELEANORE. Oh! Juliet, where's my letter? Everything depends on that.

JULIET. Why, honey, ain't yo' got yo' letter yet?

ELEANORE. Oh! Juliet, what did you do with it?

JULIET. Yo' pore lamb—it's all right; I gib it to Missy Ruth, 'cause I promise not to gib yo' anything, and Rosy hab seen me take it, an' she done tole mabumezelle.

ELEANORE. Oh dear! What *will* happen now? Juliet, run right off and keep mad'moiselle away, for here comes Ruth. [*Exit JULIET c.*]

Enter RUTH R.

RUTH. Where has thee been, Eleanore, I have had such a search for thee.

ELEANORE. Dearest Ruth, you are so good—but have you brought my letter?

RUTH. Yes, yes—but where can thee hide it?

ELEANORE. Here. I'll hide it with this other one in my dress. (*Takes one from dress, and the other one from RUTH; places both in dress.*) And Ruth dear, you have been such a sweet little sister when no one is kind to me here. (*Holding both her hands.*)

RUTH. But I love thee, Eleanore, and I always will, and —

Enter JULIET, C.

JULIET (*excitedly*). Sh! Can't keep mabumezelle any longer—yo'd better run, fo' she's comin' sho'.

[*Exit* JULIET, R.]

Enter ROSY C.

ROSY. Indade Oi wouldn't hide Miss Eleanore, fer she's a comin' wid a candle and she's goin' to hunt the whole house.

[*Exit* R.]

ELEANORE. It will be best for you to go, Ruth. I'm not afraid of her, anyway.

RUTH. I wish I could help thee, but farewell. [*Exit* L.]

ELEANORE. Now to be ready for the fray. What can I do, for the game's up if I'm found out before just so many hours. However, I might as well look calm.

(*Picks up book, sits L.; enter* MLLE. C., *with lighted candle and with poker, very much excited, brandishing both.*)

MLLE. Ah! Ees eet you at last. I have run you down. You can nosing do.

ELEANORE. Why, mad'moiselle, aren't you feeling well? Were you looking for me?

(*MLLE. looks aghast while ELEANORE takes poker and candle from her, putting candle, still lighted, on table L.*)

MLLE. Have you not from me run? You wicked enfant.

ELEANORE. Why, no—why should I run from you; and, mad'moiselle, why do you call me names?

MLLE. Ah! no need to circum—vat you call—circumlocate. I know eet all and I vill uncover you.

ELEANORE. I guess you mean discover.

MLLE. No, I do not, and do not change ze subject. You know eet ees not allowed to receive ze lettere, so give me eet immediatement.

ELEANORE. Why, mad'moiselle, are you crazy? What letter do you mean?

MLLE. (*coming close and hissing words*). I mean ze lettere zat ze spy put in ze tree; an' eef you do eet not I vill have Juliette whipped till she tell everysing. I have ze powere. Now, mad'moiselle Eleanore —

ELEANORE (*aside; walking away from* MLLE). I have it—it's the only way and I will not have Juliet whipped.

MLLE. Vell, mad'moiselle —

ELEANORE. Mlle., you shall have the letter under one condition,

MLLE. (*eagerly*). What eez zat. I promise not ze—vat you call—secrecy.

ELEANORE. No, simply lock all the doors

MLLE. (*suspiciously*). Vat you mean—vill you hurt me?

ELEANORE (*disgusted*). No, I will not touch you.

MLLE. Ver' well, I do eet now.

(*As she locks door L., ELEANORE goes swiftly to the table, places old opened letter which she received first in flame of candle. It should still be burning as MLLE. approaches door, c. She suddenly turns.*)

MLLE. Vat ees eet burns? (*Shrieks.*) Ah ciel! Ciel!

(*She goes to snatch letter just as ELEANORE drops ashes in the pan of the candle stick. MLLE. wrings her hands.*)

ELEANORE. There, mad'moiselle, take your letter. I defy you to read it. You may think me what you wish, but I refuse to have my private letters read, and I have made madame no promise, as you know.

MLLE. Ah! Mon Dieu! I am lost. Madame vill kill me. Ze—vat you call—ze proof ees vent. Ah! Parbleu! Parbleu! (*Wringing hands.*)

Enter MADAME R.

MADAME. What does all this mean—this wailing, this candle, and the smell of something burning?

MLLE. (*much excited*). Ah! Madame, ze spy was here and ze lettere ees burnt—burnt, I say, and all ees lost.

MADAME. Eleanore, explain immediately.

ELEANORE. Mad'moiselle found out that I received a letter to-day, she insisted on seeing it, and rather than that I burnt it as she was locking the doors.

MADAME. Oh! Eleanore, Eleanore! Mad'moiselle, go to your own room, and stay there until I come. How dared you interfere?

MLLE. But madame —

MADAME. Go at once. (*Exit MLLE. L., unlocking door.*) Now, Eleanore, I will have nothing but the whole truth. Did you receive a letter this afternoon?

ELEANORE. I did.

MADAME. And have you read it?

ELEANORE. I have not.

MADAME. And are these the ashes of this letter you received to-day?

ELEANORE. Yes, madame.

MADAME. Do you know from whom the letter came?

ELEANORE. The letter was from a friend of my brother.

MADAME. Was it in regard to a public or private matter, and is he a spy or not?

ELEANORE. I refuse to answer either of your questions.

MADAME. Eleanore, you had best be exceedingly cautious. What have you to say in regard to this afternoon's occurrences?

ELEANORE. Nothing, madame.

MADAME. Eleanore, I give you two minutes (*takes out watch*) in which to make up your mind. If at the end of that time you refuse to give me any satisfaction about this matter, I start in one-half hour for the present abode of your father. I shall time you from this moment.

(*Pause; tableau. MADAME shuts watch with a snap.*)

MADAME. Eleanore, what have you to say?

ELEANORE. No more than previously.

MADAME (*forgetting herself*). Oh! My poor dear child. Tell me all—do not destroy my love for you. I will be as your own mother—trust me—speak, Eleanore.

ELEANORE. Madame, I cannot, but —

MADAME. I will hear you no further. I cannot make you out—you must be a perverse and wayward girl or a spy serving the government, and perhaps after all your father is right. At any rate it is best to acquaint him with the facts. I go to make ready for my journey and I bid you good-bye. Remember, you will be closely watched.

(*Waits for a sign from ELEANORE; receiving none she sweeps from room, L.*)

ELEANORE (*glances around furtively, then draws unopened letter from dress*). It was dreadful. I was afraid every minute lest I should slip in some way and lie about it. (*Opens letter.*) It was lucky for me that both the letters came to-day, for I couldn't have lost this as it contains all the arrangements, and it's now or never. (*Glancing over letter.*) Oh! I pray for courage and fortitude. (*Looking at last of letter and reading.*) "All is well, but it must be done as soon as possible—the sooner the better, unless you are afraid —" (*ROSY pops head in door L., and JULIET in door R.*) No; I've been through too much already to fear now. If you are helping me, I am not afraid with the whole world against me.

[*Exit c.*

JULIET and ROSY enter.

JULIET. Pore lamb, her ole black aunty ——

ROSY. The poor darlint. Oi'll help her. Oi will that ——

(They see each other, turn backs to each other and start off stage R. and L.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Library. Entrances down R., up L., and C. Table up R., with lighted candelabrum and set with dishes which are covered with a shawl. Sofa down L., and several chairs about room. Pictures on wall and bookcases against flat, R. and L.; lights dim, room ready for midnight feast. CECIL adding finishing touches, and MADELINE gazing intently at a slip of paper.*

CECIL. Now, yo', Madeline, yo' understan' doan't yo'?

MADELINE. Ja, fraulein.

CECIL. An' yo' won't forget?

MADELINE. Nein, fraulein.

CECIL. Yo'll never larn English. Say no.

MADELINE. No, fraulein.

CECIL. Fraulein! Yo' simple! Cecil.

MADELINE (*imitating*). You simple Cecil.

CECIL. Oh! Yo' suttently are Dutch, and I can't do anythin' with yo'. Jes' listen to that there wind comin' up. I'll bet it's goin' to storm like all get out. Now yo', Madeline, I'll chop off yo' head, if yo' forget to stay awake and watch this hyah room. Mos' likely it's the las' feast we all 'll ever have, now the soldiers are gettin' so close. If yo' go to sleep! That wind ought to keep yo' awake. Now doan't yo' all let any one in hyah.

MADELINE. Nein.

CECIL. Nine! Well, we all are goners if you open the do' to that many; but I mus' go. Mad'moiselle is havin' some of us up in her room fo' a while, an' if we all aren't there she'll suspect. Now be good—say what I wrote on the paper over an' over. It'll help yo' English. [*Exit R.*]

(MADELINE looks around room, grows sleepy, rouses herself and finally fixes her eyes on scrap of paper.)

MADELINE (*shrugging shoulders*). Ach Himmel!

Enter LULU, L.

LULU (*shivering*). Ugh! What a night! Good gracious! What's the matter with her? She's awake. Madeline! (MADELINE starts.) Do you know where Cecil is?

MADELINE (*not taking eyes off paper*). In French learner's room.

LULU. Oh! With mad'moiselle? And she left you to watch; but you'll never see anything that way. Why don't you take your eyes off that paper? Are they glued there? (*Pause.*) What's on it? (*Stamps foot.*)

MADELINE. Sometings zu not vergessen.

LULU. Oh! you're not to forget what's on it. Well, what are you to do with it?

MADELINE. Shpeak it alle over und over.

LULU. Say it over and over. What's on it?

MADELINE. Ach! (*Looks at it and shakes her head.*) Ich vergesse. (*Passes it to LULU.*)

LULU. Why, Madeline. (*Laughs.*) Did Cecil tell you to do this?

MADELINE. Ja.

LULU. Well, this is what you are to say.

MADELINE. Vas?

LULU (*reading from paper*). I will not go to sleep.

MADELINE. Oh! Ja—Ja. I vill not go to shleep.

(*Repeats several times; walks over and sits on sofa as LULU exit R., laughing.*)

LULU. Well, good-bye. Don't forget. [*Exit R.*]

MADELINE. Nein. Ach! Was it is? Ich vergesse. How foolishness. I vill not—not go to shleep. Ach! The vind blows,—I vill not go to shleep. (*Business, until she finally succumbs and slumbers.*) I vill not go to shleep. I vill not zu shleep go. Ich vill not schlafen. Ach! Nein—I vill nicht zu schleep gehen. Ich vill not zu schlaf go. Ich vill nicht—nicht zu schlaf gehen—vill—nicht—nicht—schleep—schlaf—schlaf—schlaf. (*Sleeps on sofa.*)

Enter ELEANORE, C., dressed in Union army suit, gazing cautiously about.

ELEANORE (*subdued voice*). Ruth, Ruth—where are you? (*Comes front.*) I wonder where little Ruth can be, for I must see her at once. How this wind storm deadens other sounds. It's almost eerie to-night. (*Looking around.*) Why this must be the room where the feast is to be—but it isn't near midnight yet. I'm glad they did not invite me. I have a little sociable of my own on hand, and I'm ready for my party, storm or no storm. Hurrah! (*Sees MADELINE.*) Oh! thank goodness, she's in the arms of Morpheus. Now that doesn't sound well in a boarding school. Well—I must look for Ruth elsewhere

evidently. (*Walks toward door R., and meets RUTH coming in.*) Oh! Here you are, dear, where have you been?

RUTH (*excitedly*). Hunting all over for thee, Eleanore. Is thee all ready, and is thee really going to wear that and such a fearsome night too? Oh! I am so fearful lest aught befalls. Thee must come away now, for the girls will be—(*Sees MADELINE.*) Oh! Who's that?

ELEANORE. No cause for worry. Just Madeline, sound asleep, and I'm going to stay here until I've said good-bye to you, dearest Ruth. You know my room's locked. I'm in bed with one of those headaches to-night. (*Laughs.*)

RUTH. Yes, and no one is watching thee here inside, for all think thee quite ill; and I've sent Rosy off, and mad'moiselle is having the girls in her room in honor of their good behavior in madame's absence.

ELEANORE. Oh! don't talk about me, little girl, I'm all right, though a little fearful too, for it's this or nothing. Failure this time means—but I don't intend to fail, and the darkness to-night is no hindrance either.

RUTH. If only I might help thee more. But when this awful war is over I will go to thy father and in some way make myself useful to him, and after he has learned to trust, perhaps care for my care of him, I will tell him and plead with him, and I'm sure he will relent and love thee once again.

ELEANORE (*taking her hand*). Dear little Ruth. It is hopeless, I fear, but I love you more for your kind thought. You are such a gentle soul. I will try to send you word sometime, if we ever succeed in breaking through the lines. It's dangerous work you know—for spies. (*Laughs.*)

RUTH. But thee still has much time. It's not even midnight yet, and madame away.

ELEANORE. Listen, Ruth. I have a premonition, and I always believe in my forebodings. Madame will return before to-morrow. You see, if she could get any word to my father, he would come part way to meet her; besides, although father can pass her through the rebel lines, still, if she does not hasten, she will never be able to get by the Union troops who are blocking the way in different directions. She will learn about this and force the journey. There, Madeline stirred, I must go and hide until my time. Good-bye, sweet little friend. (*Kisses her tenderly.*) A kind Providence watch over you.

RUTH. Ah! Fare thee well, Eleanore. God grant to take thee safe through this perilous night. Farewell.

[*Exit ELEANORE, C.*

(RUTH stands a moment as if dazed, then hastily makes exit, R., with hands covering face.)

MADLINE (*stirs sleepily and murmurs*). I vill not to schleep go. I vill not—zu—go — (Sleeps again.)

Enter JULIET, rushing in C., intensely frightened.

JULIET. Oh! de angels presarb us! What hab I saw? What hab I saw? (*Growing calmer and making voice mysterious.*) What hab dis chile saw wif her own eyes? A appru-tion. A sojer miles high. A ghos' ob one ob Massa Lincom's sojers shot tro' de heart. (*Voice growing lower.*) Who does I tink it war? Sho' I dun know, but dar's quare doin's goin' on 'round hyah, and it's a terr'ble night an' blows de spirruts 'round an' 'round; but I dun say nuffin' now. Does yo' heah dat, Julie? (*Rattles coin in pocket.*) He! he! whare yo' get dat? Missy Eleanore—sho'—no, I ain't hyar nor see nuffin', jes' hab a spasm. An' I ain't 'fraid to go out in dat hall, no, I ain't; but (*in a whisper*) I gwine to stay hyah fo' awhile whar dar's a light, an'— (*Sees MADLINE.*) Laws! Wha's dat? Why, ef it ain't dat little Dutch gal fas' asleep. He! he! An' look at dat table! Dar's somefin' under dat shawl. (*Looks under shawl.*) Store goodies! I'll jes' eat one fo' to see how it do taste. (*Eats.*) Um—m—m! Sho' 'nuff goin's on. I'll jes' kiver up dat Mad'line les' she kotch col'!

(*Takes afghan from couch and throws it over chair and*
MADLINE. *Returns to table as ROSY enters, L.*)

ROSY (*frightened*). Och, Howly Mither! The saints de-find us! Didn't I say the shaddy av a rale live sojer or the ghosht av wan down thim shtairs! It's the foine noight fer shpooks to walk. Och! I'll niver lave the room agin. Murder! Wat's that? Why—ef it ain't that nagur.

JULIET. Yo' all mus' be afeard of nuffin'. A scart to leab dis hyah room.

ROSY. Oi—Oi ain't froightened. What are you after a-doin' here this toime av noight, ye black scamp?

JULIET. Oh! I'se jes' waitin' roun' fo' de sun to rise.

ROSY. Wat's under there? (*Looks under table-cover.*) Oi declare it's the young loidies thet'll be havin' a faste. Ye thafe, Oi'll bet ye bin afther stalen their goodies. Give 'em back roight away.

JULIET. Haben't got none. (*Aside.*) Dat I ken gib back. (*Aloud.*) Yo' ken sarch me, ef yo' want.

ROSY. What the—what to goodness brought you here thin? Ye—did ye say the ghost in the hallway?

JULIET. An' s'posin' I done—I ain't afeard.

ROSY. Thin go out an' axe him wat he wants.

JULIET. Yo' all go yo'self.

ROSY. Oi've bin worrkin', and Oi'll jes' set here till—
(*Goes to sit down on MADELINE'S chair; JULIET screams, with hand over mouth, and pulls her away.*) Lave go av me this minute, ye lump av black. Why, wat's under thet kiver?

JULIET. It's Missy Mad'line sho', yo' dumb Irish, an' yo' all would sit on her. Yo' see dey's goin's on hyah to-night.

ROSY. Yis, I belave it, an' ef it's fer Miss Eleanore, Oi'll not say a worrd.

JULIET. Why, honey, yo' ain't sech po' white trash after all, am yo'? What's dat?

ROSY. Jist the wind—st!

JULIET. No, it ain't; yo' all better run out ob dis hyah room.

ROSY. Ye betther go yersilf. Oi'll hide back here—sst!
(*Hides behind sofa, L.*)

JULIET (*frightened*). Sh! it's some one sho'. I'll jes' hide, too. (*Hides behind table, R.*)

Enter MLLE. C., with light.

MLLE. Eet ees ver' late for mad'moiselle to make ze rounds, but I keep ze young ladies ver' long. All ees quiet, but why zis so much light. I wait and mayhaps I see. (*Goes near MADELINE'S chair and is about to sit down, when JULIET and ROSY, who are watching, make smothered screams, then dodge back. Looking around.*) Parbleu! What ees eet? Ze wind? (*Listens.*) Eet makes one to creep. (*Shivers.*) And Mees Eleanore, she ees asleep. Ah! She ees soon found out and by Mad'moiselle Aimeé l'ordet. (*Yawns; clock strikes twelve.*) Ah! Ze middle of ze night. I have ze fright—ugh! I vill go immediatement. (*Takes light; exit, C.*)

ROSY (*coming front*). An' I'll jist go along quiet like behint her. [*Exit, C.*]

JULIET. An' yo' needn't think yo' ole Aunt Julie gwine to stay alone wid dees hyah noises. I'll jes' follow yo' all up, fo' we's all skeert ob sumtin', dat's sho'. [*Exit.*]

(*Stage empty for a moment. HELEN, CECIL and LULU first whistle outside, then enter, at different doors, wearing dark cloaks. They carry some eatables.*)

LULU. Sst !

HELEN. Sst !

CECIL. Sst !

(*They look in and around, then enter.*)

CECIL. Come in. No one's hyah, not even that Mad'line. Whare ken she be, not to answer our signal.

LULU. Oh ! I was so afraid, for I'm sure I passed some one in the halls.

CECIL. Nonsense, chile, the wind rattled things roun' such a heap. (*Removes coat.*)

HELEN (*uncovering* MADELINE). Well, wouldn't that grab you? (*Shaking her bag of jacks.*)

LULU. Oh ! (*Removes coat.*)

CECIL. 'The idea—yo' terr'ble wicked chile ! I do declare, what shall we do tew her? (*Makes as if to shake her.*)

HELEN. No, don't, Cecil. I'll tell you, I think she ought to be punished ; I say we let her sleep. Just pull her back a little.

(*They move chair back, covering MADELINE with afghan.*)

HELEN *removes cloak.*)

MABEL (*at door c.*). Sst !

GIRLS (*turning*). Oh ! come in.

MABEL (*breathless*). Oh ! I've had such a chase. I met some one in our hall.

LULU. There, now, I told you so.

CECIL. } Hush, Lulu. (*Together.*)

HELEN. }

MABEL. Do you know, it was our little fox-terrier, our little snooky mad'moiselle. I had to dodge and run, I tell you, but I don't think she saw me. Did you see her, Lulu?

(*HELEN begins to arrange table.*)

LULU. Well, some one scared me dreadfully. Of course, it must have been mad'moiselle. It was so dark I couldn't see, but do you know, it looked more like a man.

CECIL. Oh, Lou, yo'll die from seein' things.

MABEL. Well, come, girls, we must start in. I have some sweet cider for the toasts ; but, say, there's entirely too much for us four to eat. Where's Madeline?

HELEN. She went to sleep, and we're punishing her for napping on duty. There she is.

MABEL. Poor thing, she'll smother.

LULU (*with assurance, yet timidly*). Do you know, as long as we have so much, and we've been so mean, I think we might as well send and ask Eleanore Hamilton.

CECIL. Why, Lou Jeffe'son, are yo' goin' to turn Yank?

MABEL. The very idea. Better ask the kindergarden, if you're so hard up.

HELEN (*coming forward*). And I say that Lou's all right, and the more the merrier.

LULU. It's the last time, and I don't believe she's half so horrid as we think; and Ruth told me that her mother and brother are both dead.

CECIL. Yo've been chumming with Ruth, have yo'? Better have her tew.

HELEN. That's exactly what I say, and as long as the sides are even, let's toss up.

CECIL. I don't b'lieve in yo' plan at all, but oh! I tell yo' what we ken do fo' a joke. Take the kiver off Mad'line thar, quick, and all ask her somethin' together; and if she says "yes," we'll send fo' Eleano' and Ruth; if she says "nein" or "no," we'll let that settle it.

HELEN. Agreed. What shall we ask her?

MABEL. Ask her if she's been asleep.

HELEN. Oh! That's not fair, of course she'll say no.

LULU. It's growing terribly late; let's agree, Helen.

HELEN. Very well.

CECIL. Come on, then. (*Pulling cover off MADELINE.*) One—two—three.

ALL (*loudly*). Have you been asleep?

MADELINE. Ach! Donner und blitzen! Ya—ya—ya—I vill not forgut. I vill not zu shleep go. (*Rises.*) Wo bin ich.

LULU. } (*laughing*). There, she said "Ja."

HELEN. }

CECIL. Well, now who'll go for this Eleano'?

(*Pause, while girls look at each other. ELEANORE appears at door c. Kisses her hand to girls, smiles and disappears.*)

HELEN. I tell you, let's make Madeline go for further punishment. You naughty girl, you —

MADELINE. Was vill I go?

CECIL. Yo' all go to Eleano' Hamilton's room and tell her tew come tew our feast, tew bring that Quaker. Ruth, and not tew make any noise.

(*MADELINE stands bewildered; HELEN pushes her out of door c.*)

HELEN. There, hurry up; I guess you'll keep awake for once. [*Exit MADELINE.*]

MABEL. Say, girls, let's have a little toast to ourselves before any one else comes. (*LULU pours cider into glasses.*) Anyway I think we're spoiling everything.

CECIL. Well, I do tew, but if yo' all spoil this, yo' ken give another feast at yo' own peril when madame's at home.

HELEN. All right, unless we're packed off by that time on account of these soldiers and battles and things.

CECIL. 'S long as we all have to stay hyah, I clare tew goodness I wish we could get some news. We don't know anything positive since the battle of Antietam, the seventeenth of last month. (*LULU and HELEN pass around glasses.*) Co'se I know we'll lick the Yanks, but still I'd like mighty well tew hear what's happening fo' suttien.

MABEL. So would all of us. Now are we ready? Good luck to our soldiers. (*All lift glasses.*) May they win soon, for good and for all.

LULU. And here's to our feast—may there nothing befall. (*Lifting glasses again.*)

HELEN (*same business; laughing*). Here's to our madame, and her absence so fine. (*Girls laugh and pause a moment.*)

CECIL (*impulsively*). If she just stays away, we'll toast her —

ALL. In wine. (*All laugh and drink.*)

CECIL. One mo' toast, girls,—to Gene'l Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and may all our battles be Bull Runs.

ALL. Hurrah! (*Business of drinking.*)

MADELINE (*enters c., in great haste, badly frightened*). Ach Himmel! Ach! I can it say not. Ich bin —

CECIL. Why, yo's frightened, chile. How foolish.

MADELINE. Ja, ja—how foolishness. Aber sie ist nicht dort.

HELEN. Oh! Talk English.

MADELINE. Die girl is there not. Sie has vent.

ALL. What? She has gone? (*MADELINE nods.*)

MABEL. That's ridiculous, Madeline. She couldn't have gone.

CECIL. Hyah, I'll go and see fo' maself. Don't yo' all eat till I get back. [*Exit c.*]

LULU. Oh! I feel so creepy. What do you think it all means?

MABEL. It's pure nonsense.

(MADELINE goes back, slips doughnut away and eats it slyly.)

LULU. I believe Madeline is right, for I never saw her so frightened before.

HELEN. What do you s'pose it means, Mabel? Do you think ——?

MABEL. Could it be possible ——?

LULU. Oh! She wouldn't surely have ——

Enter CECIL, C., in great excitement.

CECIL. It's true, girls—she has gone. Climbed through the window—the bed's untouched, and something else is gone tew—the Yankee suit.

HELEN. Oh goodness!)

MABEL. Oh gracious!) (*Together.*)

LULU. Oh dear!)

(MADELINE is interested.)

CECIL. An', girls, I heard a ho'se neigh, an' it didn't sound like any of our ho'ses either.

MABEL. Come on, quick, let's give the alarm. (*Goes toward door R.*)

CECIL (*with back to door R.*). An' I say that not one of yo' shall leave this do'mitory, an' if yo' attempt it, yo' all have to pass me first. (*Girls fall back—a slight pause.*)

MABEL. Surely Miss Hotspur's sympathies are undergoing a sudden transformation.

CECIL (*coldly*). Miss Hotspur ken explain. If that girl's brave enough tew ventu' out a night like this and try to 'scape through lines of soldiers both blue and gray, I fo' one, intend fo' her tew have a fair chance. I don't know what she is, but she's plucky, an' ou' family respect courage whe'ever it is.

MABEL. Cecil, you're out of your mind. Think of the disgrace to the school.

LULU. And what will madame say?

CECIL. Well, this is my affair, an' I'll take the blame tew. If yo' all want tew tell on me, yo' ken.

HELEN. Well, Cecil, I never knew you were such a broad-minded girl. I'll do my part.

MABEL. I cannot understand this at all. The girl is evidently doing wrong, and yet, Cecil, besides overlooking it, you really encourage it. You seemed very different a few minutes ago.

LULU. Oh! Cecil, I'm so frightened; do be careful.

MABEL. What will you say to madame? She'll find it out anyway, and be terribly angry.

CECIL. Then let her, but I fo' one don't intend to tell madame.

MADAME *enters C.*

MADAME. And what will you not tell madame, may I ask, Miss Hotspur? (*Girls much startled.*)

CECIL (*confused*). There—there are others hyah who are anxious to tell—let them. I fo' one, I—I—cannot.

MADAME. Young ladies, what is all this about?

(*No reply; MABEL starts forward but HELEN prevents her.*)

MADAME (*angrily*). We will return to this subject later, and the chief offender may answer for herself. I wish to know now what this means—this late hour—the young ladies awake—these light dresses, the glasses and food. Suffice it now to say that you all will be brought to justice. Oh! I am ashamed of you. Think of the disgrace to these halls of learning when it is said that the pupils have no honor and need to be watched day and night. Oh! I am so chagrined.

(*Girls start forward as though to conciliate her.*)

MABEL. Madame, if you ——

HELEN. Madame, please ——

MADAME. Not a word. This will all be settled later. At present there are more important things to which I must attend; and it may be that, although I'm not sure of trusting you again, still as you are the oldest pupils I may need your help.

HELEN. Believe me, madame, you can trust us. We meant no harm. It was so thoughtless and ——

MABEL. We are very sorry.

MADAME. I will try to look at this affair in a less severe light for reasons which will soon appear, but now let me tell you rapidly of my doings and what must happen in a few hours.

MABEL. Madame, won't you please tell us if there's any news of battles?

MADAME. Yes, but my news is very unsatisfactory. Close that door, Helen. (*HELEN obeys.*) There has not been a great deal of real fighting, but the story which we heard of that Mississippi battle was fully confirmed. Gen. Price was

defeated, and beside the killed and wounded, lost nearly a thousand prisoners. (*Girls display emotion. Lou hides head on CECIL's shoulder.*) Then on the third of this month, our generals were repulsed while endeavoring to recapture Corinth. Things look more hopeful now, though you never can tell. Yesterday we could hear now and again the distant ominous cannonading reverberating like thunder from a coming storm. But to return to my subject. As most of you are aware, I took this journey because my patience was completely exhausted by the actions of a girl who is either wicked or very foolish.

MABEL. Don't you know which by this time, madame?

MADAME. Do not interrupt me. I saw Col. Hamilton, and I have learned next to nothing. However he is following me as fast as possible. (*Girls exchange glances.*) He will take her in charge at once. (*MADLINE starts to speak, but others pull her back.*) She is to leave the school. I am very much worried to know whether I have done what is right. Eleanore Hamilton is a mystery to me.

MABEL. Surely, madame, she was a spy.

MADAME. She was? Why, has she changed?

MABEL. No, but madame —

HELEN (*interrupting*). You see, madame —

LULU. Oh! I am so frightened.

CECIL. It's this way, madame —

MADAME. Young ladies, what is the matter? You mystify me. Speak out at once. (*Pause.*) I insist.

(*Girls speak almost simultaneously and as individually as possible.*)

MABEL (*slowly*). Well —

HELEN. Well —

LULU. Well —

CECIL. Well —

MADAME (*impatiently*). Well?

(*Rapid pistol shots heard from six-shooter; girls frightened and scream, some cling to MADAME; MADLINE puts hands over ears. MLLE. rushes in C., and RUTH R.*)

MLLE. (*wringing hands; greatly excited*). Ah, le bon ciel! Vat ees eet?

MADAME. Young ladies, do not be frightened, I think it is merely some sharpshooter or picket. Remember the lines are very close. I confess I too was alarmed, but now more rea-

sonable thoughts come. Poor little frightened Lou. (*Smooths her hair.*)

RUTH (*rapidly and aside*). It is better for me to be here to avert suspicion if possible. Oh! What has happened?

MLLE. (*very much excited*). Ah! Madame, eet ees a grand—ah, vat you call—mistake. Eet ees zat Eleanore Hameelton, and we are betrayed.

MADAME. Mad'moiselle, what do you mean? Explain at once. (*Girls show excitement.*)

MLLE. Madame, you have vent off some way. Some terreeble happens. Ah! Eleanore Hameelton ees gone—ze room ees emptee—ze couch ees emptee—Eleanore Hameelton ees vraitment gone!

MADAME. Mad'moiselle, you do not know of what you speak. She is somewhere in the house—she has gone to some one's room. Why, her father will soon be here for her. You are mistaken—surely you are mistaken. Mad'moiselle—mad'moiselle—were you in her room?

MLLE. Oui, vraitment, ze door ees open—ze window ees open. Ah! Mees Hameelton ees gone, I say eet.

MADAME (*looks around*). Young ladies, what does this mean. Your looks are those of guilt, have you also turned against us?

GIRLS. No—no—no—madame.

MADAME. Then what does this mean. Ruth, where is Eleanore Hamilton?

RUTH (*calmly*). Madame, I do not know. Thee can search my room, but I will say truly she has not been there to my knowledge.

MADAME (*angrily*). Then what do you know about her? (*Glancing around.*) Who knows about her? I will be answered this time. What do you know?

MABEL. Nothing, madame, but that she has really gone.

CECIL. We sent to her room, yo' see ——

LULU. To ask her and Ruth to our feast ——

HELEN. And no one was there, and her Yankee soldier suit gone.

MADAME. Why did you not tell me this at once? Perhaps she has just gone, perhaps even yet if I give the alarm—I will do so at once—I ——

RUTH. Madame, will thee listen?

MADAME. Wait until I return, Ruth.

RUTH. Madame, I pray thee just a moment. This letter—(*Holding out letter.*)

MADAME. Why, this is from Eleanore. (*Takes letter.*)

RUTH. Yes, madame, she had promised thee, she said, that thou shouldst have the whole truth from her.

MADAME. Ruth, tell me at once, what do you know of her whereabouts? Is she in hiding or has she really gone?

RUTH. Oh! Madame, I will speak quickly, and perhaps thy heart will be moved.

MADAME. Answer my question at once.

Enter ROSY, L.

ROSY. Ma'm, there's a man and some soldiers in gray in the drawin'-room, an' they want ye to onct, immajit, an' yer to bring the goirl wid yer, fer they sez they's frightened list their birrd is flown, whativver they mint be that.

MADAME. I will come at once, Rosy. [*Exit ROSY L.*]

(MADAME *turns to go R.*)

RUTH. Madame, one moment please before thee goes. Oh, madame, I pray thee.

MADAME. Hasten then, Ruth.

RUTH. Eleanore couldn't tell thee all, madame, for looking from thy standpoint, thee would have been compelled to have informed on her; and this is her last chance for liberty, or an existence worse than death.

MADAME. Proceed rapidly.

RUTH. Thee knows that Eleanore received much education in the North. While there her brother's chum at West Point fell in love with her, and she returned his love. Her father heard something of this, and sent for her immediate return. When the war broke out in earnest, there was a skirmish near Eleanore's home, and a Union soldier, who was wounded in this fight, was left at their house until he should die or recover sufficiently to travel as a prisoner. This soldier was Eleanore's —

Enter JULIET, R.

JULIET. The men ses, missus, yo' mus' come right off, 'cause dey's after a spy, an' dey done tink he's go'd somewhaires roun' hyah. Ef yo' don't come dey'll —

MADAME. Very well, Juliet, I'm coming now.

[*Exit JULIET, L.*]

(MADAME *starts to go R., again crossing RUTH.*)

RUTH. Oh, madame, do not —

MADAME (*undecided*). Ruth, you can wait.

RUTH. Just a minute, madame, I entreat you. This Union soldier was Eleanore's lover.

MADAME. And did he die too?

RUTH. No, but a wounded rebel soldier there died, and the Union soldier disappeared in a ——

MADAME. A suit of gray.

MABEL.

HELEN. } A Confederate suit! (*Together.*)

CECIL.

RUTH. When Eleanore's father found out that she had helped a Yankee to escape in this disguise, he raged terribly; but for fear of the consequences to his name and influence, and also because he felt disgraced, he let no one know of it, but sent her here.

MADAME (*much excited*). And now, Ruth, now, what has happened?

ROSY (*flying in* L.). Yer to come at onct to the soldiers, or the ould man ses they'll be upshtairs, shure; an' yer to bring Eleanore Hamilton immajit. It's her father, it is, (*girls scream*) an', so help me, I'm glad it ain't mine. [*Exit, L.*]

RUTH (*aside*). She must have more time. (*Aloud.*) I pray thee one more minute, just one.

MADAME. Ruth, are you keeping me for a purpose?

RUTH. Madame, thee has asked me to tell what I know. One moment and I will finish. This young man is an officer now, and is the important spy who is being searched for everywhere.

HELEN. Maybe he's been here.

MADAME. Silence. Has he, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes, often. He even drove her up in the carriage the morning she came.

MLLE. I say so—I, Mad'moiselle Fordet, have telled eet long ago.

MADAME. Hush! Proceed.

RUTH. There is little more. To-night they are escaping together, Eleanore wearing the suit that once was his.

MADAME. But there is only one way they dare proceed; is it not so?

RUTH (*shrugging shoulders*). Madame knows.

MADAME. It is by the old bridge and the burned trees, through the disused road and woods back of Green Arches. Oh! Ruth, why didn't you tell me this before? I ——

LULU. Madame, you will not try to ——

HELEN. Oh! Madame, even though we hated her at first,
now ———

CECIL. We think she's tew brave tew capture.

MADAME. The majority seem to have changed their politics.
but ———

Enter ROSY, L.

ROSY. Ma'am, ef they ain't startin' to come upshtairs.

Enter JULIET, L.

JULIET (*terrified*). Oh! law! Dey's goin' to whip de life
out of pore black Julie, an' I don't know nuffin' what dey tink
I does.

MLLE. Madame, I vill go tell—I vill see zat ———

(Commotion and men's voices heard.)

MADAME. I will go.

RUTH. Oh! madame, I entreat thee, tell nothing. She is
not yet far, but perhaps ———

MADAME. Hush, child! (*Pushes her away.*)

RUTH (*on knees*). Madame, think. (*Taking her hand.*)
Think again—give her time. Suppose thou wert the one, and
only one soul in the whole world really loved thee—perhaps,
madame, some one has loved thee like that—perhaps now he
is ———

MADAME. Ruth, silence at once. (*Despairingly.*) I can-
not bear this. (*RUTH remains on knees, covering face with
hands. Girls well at sides of stage.*) I shall be turned again
by every varying wind. I must go.

*Near door, L., at back of stage, C., enter ELEANORE HAMIL-
TON, somewhat disarranged in appearance, from hard riding,
breathless and entreating.*

ELEANORE. Madame, one moment! (*All show amazement.*)

MADAME (*turning quickly*). What! You have not gone?
Your looks belie your presence.

ELEANORE. Oh! Madame, for once I implore your aid.

MADAME. Ah! Our Juno has lost her pride.

ELEANORE (*talking rapidly*). No, not her pride, but her
way. We struck into the woods, the bare branches almost
dragging us from our horses, but by some horrible chance
missed the old lane, coming in our haste into the main road;
and just ahead, riding madly, came those whose voices I heard

and recognized. We were caught in a trap—almost lost. Back we flew. As we passed the sentry, we were fired upon. Perhaps there is only a moment more of freedom—it all remains with you.

MADAME. With me?

ELEANORE. Yes—hark! they are coming up the stairs, I hear them. If you will only hold them at bay for five minutes, we are safe. Madame! oh! will you—will you?

MADAME (*abstractedly*). For the blue or the gray.

ELEANORE. Oh! Madame, he is waiting for me. Quickly—quickly! (*Moves toward door, R.*)

MADAME. For the blue or the gray!

(*Again voices heard without.*)

ELEANORE (*despairingly; at door, R.*). Oh! We are lost—we are lost!

(*Girls interested and excited.*)

MADAME (*awakening as if from a dream; speaking rapidly*). Eleanore, you missed your way at the old bridge; you should turn there to the right, pass the burned pine tree, then ford the stream where it bends. Listen—they are coming. Good-bye, and God keep you safe. (*ELEANORE seems dazed.*) Eleanore, quick. (*Pointing.*) Go—go! (*Turns to girls.*) Young ladies, to your rooms. (*Quietly to JULIET.*) Juliet, show the gentlemen in.

(*Tableau. ELEANORE in act of going at door R.; JULIET at door L., watching for her to disappear before opening it. Girls appearing to exit C. Music, "Dixie" and "Star Spangled Banner," played simultaneously.*)

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